

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



THE SQUIRE ENCOURAGES MAY-DAY SPORTS, AND JOINS IN MIRTH THE END OF WHICH PROVES SORROW AND HEAVINESS.

THE FRANKLINS;

OR, THE STORY OF A CONVICT.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—THE FIRST OF MAY—A PRIVATE TETE-A-TETE—
THE MAYERS' SONG.

MANY years after the date of our story, Washington Irving visited an English squire, whose mode of life the genial American has described in his "Bracebridge Hall." Among other chapters in that book, there is one upon May-day Sports, which he witnessed. Washington Irving was far from what is called strait-laced or puritanical, and was an enthusiastic admirer of old

English customs; but upon this particular subject he arrived at the following conclusion:—"I must say, though I do so under the rose, the general brawl in which this festival had nearly terminated has made me doubt whether the rural customs of 'the good old times' were always so very loving and innocent as we are apt to fancy them; and whether the peasantry in those times were really so Arcadian as they have been fondly represented."

From the sequel of our story the reader will probably arrive at the same conclusion; but we must not begin to point a moral before telling our tale.

May-day at Oakley had been, from time immemorial, devoted to mirth; and it was willed by the squire that the particular May-day of which this chapter is to treat, should be celebrated with uncommon rejoicings; first, because he was himself joyfully inclined, by reason of his recent deliverance from a tedious, painful, and stubborn attack of gout; and next, in honour of the young sailor, who had returned safe and sound (bating the wound in his now healed leg) from two years' buffeting with the battle and the breeze.

Accordingly, an edict had gone forth from "The Oaks," that none of the squire's own labourers were to work on that day of gladness; while an intimation, which had the force of an edict, was given to his tenant farmers, that they would be expected to follow so good an example on their farms. In neither case was there any difficulty in exacting obedience, it being understood, as a matter of course, that the wages of the liberated workmen for that day were to be paid out of the squire's own pocket.

Accordingly, the day was ushered in by manifold rejoicings, which would take too long to describe, even were they worth describing. We must, therefore, leave the villagers to the devices of garland-bearers, morris-dancers, jacks-in-the-green, or the bedeckment of the mighty May-pole in preparation for the evening festivities, at which the squire was expected to preside, while we accompany Miles Oakley the younger and Willy Franklin in a solitary walk in a sequestered part of the broad park, and listen to some part of a dialogue.

"No; but Miles, be serious."

"Serious! well, I am serious; but how can I help laughing at your grave face? So business-like, too! Well, now to be serious;" and the heir of Oakley composed his risible features into an appearance of mock solemnity, which the young sailor was far too earnest himself to attribute to real indifference or heartlessness.

"Will you answer a question, then, seriously?"

"Twenty, *mon frère*; only give me time; I can't answer them all in a breath, you know."

"I won't ask you so many. The one thing I want to know of you is, whether—is about Ellen Murray; tell me, Miles, truly, are you engaged to Ellen?"

"Engaged to Ellen Murray? My dear Willy!"—Miles laughed gaily as he spoke—"what a ridiculous question! What has put such a fancy into your head, Willy?" demanded Miles, when his mirth had again ceased.

"I don't know exactly. Of course, Miles, I never had such a thought before I left England. I seemed to take it for granted that you would look higher for a wife—"

"Oh, there's no leveller so effectual as love, you know," interposed Miles, in a tone of affected nonchalance.

"I know that very well, Miles; but yet, somehow, I had no suspicion or thought that you cared or would ever care for Ellen, except as a friend, you know; and so I put it out of my mind—I mean it never entered into my mind—that there was a possibility of our ever being rivals—though rivals, indeed, we never can be; and that makes me press for your answer to my question now."

"But, my dear fellow—I won't laugh if I can help it, though you do look so woe-begone—but what has put it into your mind now that we may be rivals? though rivals we never can be. Your own words, Willy."

"There was something in your last letter that made me fancy it."

"What nonsense! Didn't I tell you then that it was all nonsense?"

"Yes, but I could not understand what you meant was all nonsense. And then the people about here have got the notion that it is to be."

"What people, Willy?"

"Why, old Dick Border for one, and Mother Burrell, at the 'Oakley Arms,' and—I don't know that I can say who else; but they, at any rate, have hinted pretty broadly that they know where to look for the future lady of 'The Oaks,' and that they have not far to look either."

"And that it is Ellen Murray? Well, Willy, I ought to be much obliged to Mother Burrell, Dick Border, and the rest, who are to be nameless, for taking so much interest in my poor affairs."

"It is very natural, isn't it Miles? There is no harm, I am sure, in anything they have said; and I can't wonder if it should be so. I must have been a great dunce," continued poor Willy, "not to have foreseen what a natural thing it would be for you to marry Ellen, so good and beautiful and intelligent as she is." And he turned away his head, that Miles might not see his changing countenance.

"You seem to have made up your mind that it is to be, then?" said Miles, not observing or not heeding his friend's emotion.

"You don't say it isn't so, Miles; and I know you would not keep me in suspense if you could help it. Besides, I don't go upon what others have said. Have you not been at the Vicarage every day almost since we came home together?"

"Haven't you, too, Willy?"

"Because you would have me go, Miles, in your company."

"That does not look as though I were afraid of your rivalry, does it?" demanded the young heir.

"Ah, Miles, you need not be afraid of that," poor Willy rejoined.

"So you told me before, Willy; but how?"

"Why, in the first place, what hope would there be for me? Even if Ellen were foolish enough—and it would be foolish, of course—to prefer a poor fellow, of such a birth as mine—"

"Fiddlesticks about birth; don't I tell you that love is a leveller. Besides, what is Ellen's birth, I should like to know?"

"Why, her family is a distant branch of the Murrays, the great Scotch Murrays, isn't it?"

"A very distant branch indeed, I should think, Will; go on."

"And of such poor prospects as mine," continued Willy; "I say if Ellen were foolish enough to choose me in preference to you, there are her father and mother—"

"A stupid old book-worm, one; and a stupider old match-making fortune-hunter, the other. Does she think I haven't seen through her schemes? Really, Willy, you give me credit for extreme good taste in supposing that I wish to make myself their very obedient servant and son-in-law. No, I do not love Ellen Murray; I only like her, which is a very different thing. Do I mean to make Ellen Murray my wife? No, I don't mean to make Ellen Murray my wife, even if she were to ask me, though she is cast in my teeth every day, by her match-making, fortune-hunting mother aforesaid; but Ellen won't ask me, though next year is leap-year, because she does not like me well enough, and she likes you too well!"

"Oh, Miles!"

"And oh, Willy! have I not seen it in her eyes these three weeks. Let me tell you something else, my boy."

You have got powerful influence to back you; but perhaps you know this already?"

"If you mean your mother, Miles, I fancy that she would not be displeased——" said our young hero, with reviving hope.

"Displeased! Why, she has set her heart upon it, Willy; and so Mrs. Murray knows; and I'll back the squire's wife against the parson's any day. Don't you know that the matter has already been canvassed between these high contracting parties?"

"No. Has it?" said Willy, with a start of not unnatural surprise.

"Ay has it; and after a scene which you wouldn't have cared to witness, perhaps, though it was uncommon fun, by all accounts; for the parson's wife didn't dare let out her secret, which, however, the squire's wife knew as well as though she had been told; but after this scene the good lady gave in, swallowed her scruples, and her pride, and her vanity, and her ambition, and all the rest of it, and made believe that the match would be agreeable to her, if, and provided, and all the rest of *that*. And so it will—about as agreeable as vinegar to the teeth. But she can't help herself, Willy; and there's no reason why she should, either. So, all you have to do is to go in and win. And now, if you have no objection, and have no more questions to ask, suppose we make haste back, or we shall have——Hillo, what now?"

This exclamation was caused by the sudden appearance of a troop of gaily dressed maidens, upon whom the two young men had pounced on emerging from under the trees into an open part of the park. The leader of the girls had in her hand a large bough of white thorn, with a few early-budding blossoms nestling among the young and tender green leaves. The girls were evidently proceeding towards the great house; but on seeing Miles and Willy they stopped short, and after a moment's consultation, tripped quickly towards them, formed a circle around them, and sang the following ditty, which has been preserved by that zealous antiquarian, Mr. William Hone. The words, no doubt, were originally composed in a solemn spirit, but were sadly out of place when chaunted in a strain of levity—a remark which applies also to Christmas carols and other sacred songs.

OLD MAY SONG.

"Remember us poor Mayers all,
And thus we do begin
To lead our lives in righteousness,
Or else we die in sin.

"We have been rambling all this night,
And almost all this day,
And, now returned back again,
We have brought you a bunch of May.

"A bunch of May we have brought you,
And at your door it stands,
It is but a sprout, but 'tis well budded out
By the work of Nature's hands.

"The hedges and trees they are so green,
As green as any leek,
Our heavenly Father, he watered them,
With his heavenly dew so sweet.

"The heavenly gates are open wide,
Our paths are beaten plain,
And if a man be not too far gone,
He may return again.

"The life of man is but a span,
It flourishes like a flower,
We are here to-day, and gone to-morrow,
And we are dead in an hour.

"The moon shines bright, and the stars give a light,
A little before it is day,
So bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May."

Laughing at their temporary imprisonment within the merry circle, the young men patiently listened to the

song till it came to an end. Then, scattering each a handful of small money on the grass (as was probably expected of them), they made their escape, and proceeded to "The Oaks."

CHAPTER XLIX.—FESTIVITIES—ANOTHER TETE-A-TETE.

BEFORE the sun had set, Miles Oakley (the squire, we mean), his lady, and his guests, (for the vicar, with his wife and daughter, had dined at "The Oaks" that day) proceeded in a body to the scene of festivities on the village green. Young Miles and Willy were there before.

We must give Mr. Murray credit for having for some time resisted the importunities of his friend and patron to show his countenance on the occasion; for, not to say that he would have preferred the seclusion of his own snug study, he was reluctant to give the sanction of his presence and his cloth to the free licence which he knew by experience often attended these holiday-makings. To his remonstrances, however, the squire had good-humouredly replied—

"Nonsense, Murray; you know as well as I do there is no harm in the thing itself, but only in the abuse; and what is more likely to keep us within bounds than your presence? For very shame, or rather out of respect to you and the ladies, who will look to you as their protector, the lads and lasses will behave themselves; but if I have to go without you, I won't answer for consequences."

And as the vicar had no answer ready, and was not a man of decision, he went, offering his arm to Mrs. Oakley, and instructing her on the way respecting the origin of May games, which he plainly deduced from heathen Rome, and her annual sacrifices to the goddess Flora.

The green was already thronged, not so much, however, with the worshippers of Flora, as of Bacchus, when the squire and his company made their appearance, and were received with a mighty shout, to which Mr. Oakley lustily responded.

Probably the presence of their "parson," (for clergymen were commonly called parsons in those days,) acted as some restraint upon the fast-flowing mirth and licence of the villagers; but it was sufficiently uproarious, especially when the squire, in the fulness of his heart, and in spite of the frowns of his lady and the deprecatory "hums" of Mr. Murray, insisted upon tapping a fresh barrel of beer at his own expense, at the "Oakley Arms," and then on leading off the Queen of the May (the damsel of the hawthorn bough) towards the May-pole. The exercise was too violent to last long, however; and, having vindicated his sovereign right to make his rustic subjects happy in their own way, the squire once more took his station by the ladies of his party.

A bright moonlight evening succeeded to a sunny day; and at length warned by the fast-gathering dew, that an evening chill was not unlikely to encourage a fresh attack from his defeated, but not subdued enemy, the gout, the squire submitted to be led away by his Lucy, after a strong admonition to the congregated rustics to be merry and wise—an admonition which obtained partial obedience; the first branch of it being strictly adhered to, and the latter less heeded by many.

We are not going to tell all that passed, as the party returned to the Hall from the village green. It is enough to say, that before they were out of hearing of the noisy revelry, the worthy parson's conscience made him uneasy and dissatisfied, and the squire had an uncomfortable feeling that, with the best intentions, he

perhaps had "made a fool of himself." The squire's wife and Mrs. Murray had their own conversation; young Miles soon disappeared; and as to Willy, all we have to tell now is, that under the grand old oaks of the park, whose sturdy limbs threw fantastic shadows on the green sward beneath, and while the nightingales were filling the air with their thrilling melody, he was gladdened by words never to be forgotten, and visions of future rank and honour faded for the time from the young hero's mind, when he felt that for his own sake he was loved by Ellen Murray.

"The profession is a very honourable one, my dear Isabel"—it was the placable and even-tempered vicar who said this, the next day: "and the young man's prospects of rising in it are far from despicable——"

"Low-born, low-bred," murmured the lady, whose flushed face betrayed the discomposure of her mind.

"Not low-bred, Isabel," returned the husband, gently. "Willy Franklin's breeding and education have been those of a gentleman. And not essentially low-born either, seeing that the Franklins come from an honourable yeomanry stock. To be sure, they cannot write *Armiger* against their names; but——"

"Pish!" said the lady, angrily: "What was his father?"

"My dear Isabel; the less there is said about that unfortunate affair, the better. If our friends at 'The Oaks' have seen fit to bury it in oblivion, and to adopt the son of that unhappy man into their own family, it does not become us to uncover old scars. Besides, you know that I have always had my secret doubts of the real guilt of Franklin."

"Guilty or not, he was a convict, Alfred; you cannot deny that; and his wife——"

"Was an admirable specimen of conjugal fidelity, Isabel. A heroic woman! Martha White has made that plain and evident enough. The poor young thing was wild and mistaken in her line of conduct, to be sure; but she had no adviser, and it was natural——"

"Natural to desert her own child, Alfred?"

"To follow her husband. Well, under all circumstances, yes. But why go back to this? The poor woman is doubtless dead: so is the unhappy man; it is known that he very soon disappeared, and nothing has ever been heard of him. Neither he nor Willy's mother can ever return to trouble us, therefore; and meanwhile, the boy has entered on a prosperous course, and is a noble, fine-hearted, affectionate, sensible fellow, and a gentleman to boot. Really, Isabel, I don't—no I really don't think it such a bad match for poor Ellen—considering that we have nothing to leave her, and that, by being Willy Franklin's wife by and by, she will be, in a manner, part and parcel of the Oakley family."

"A poor dependent," said Mrs. Murray.

"No, you are wrong, my love. I know very well that the squire has handsomely provided for young Franklin in his will. But I know what you think, Isabel; you fancy that, but for this unfortunate attachment, as you call it, Ellen might have secured Miles——"

"And you taunt me with this, Alfred?" exclaimed the vicar's lady, angrily.

"No, my dear: it was a natural hope for a mother. But it was not to be; and I am not sorry. For, setting aside that this attachment was formed almost in childhood—our own fault that, my love, in letting them be so much together—but setting this aside, there is that about Miles which would make me tremble for the happiness——"

"Well, all you can say does not reconcile me to this folly," said the lady.

"And yet, my dear Isabel, I think—I may be mistaken—but I think that your compact with Mrs. Oakley was, that if——"

"Don't reproach me, Alfred. I know what my compact was; and I shall not draw back from it. But—but I would have prevented it if I could."

"And you could not, Isabel; so there is nothing more to be said about it. And here comes Willy Franklin himself. Speak kindly, my love."

MR. GLAISHER'S BALLOON ASCENT OF MARCH 31.

MR. GLAISHER gives the following report of his ascent with Mr. Coxwell, whose skill and judgment in managing his great balloon make him a valuable assistant in scientific aerostation:—

One of the principal subjects of research in the balloon experiments of last year was the determination of the law of decrease of temperature with increase of elevation. It is a subject to which very great interest is attached, and to the determination of which a great deal of labour and research has been devoted, resulting in the adoption of the theory of a uniform rate of decrease of 1 deg. of Fahrenheit's scale for every increase of 300 feet. The results from my several ascents last season were that, when the sky was clear, a decline of 1 deg. took place within 100 feet of the earth, while at the height of 30,000 feet a space of fully 1000 feet had to be passed for a change of 1 deg. of temperature; and that between these limits a gradually increasing space was required for a change of temperature to the same amount, plainly indicating that the theory of a decline of 1 deg. of temperature for every 300 feet of elevation must be abandoned.

The previous eight balloon ascents were made in the months of July, August, and September. It became of the highest importance to have similar experiments in the other months of the year; and the British Association, at its meeting in Cambridge, voted £200 for further experiments to be begun in the spring, and some of these, if possible, during the prevalence of the east wind.

The balloon left the earth at 4h. 16m. p.m., the temperature of the air being 50 deg. At 4h. 25m. we were one mile high, with a temperature of 33½ deg.; the second mile was reached at 4h. 35m., with a temperature of 26 deg.; the third mile at 4h. 44m., when the temperature was 14 deg.; and at 3¾ miles high the temperature was 8 deg. A warm current of air was met with, and the temperature rose to 12 deg. at 4h. 58m.; at 5h. 2m. we passed out of this current, and when 4½ miles high the temperature was just zero of Fahrenheit's scale.

In descending, the temperature increased to 11 deg. at about three miles high, at 5h. 38m.; then a cold current was met with, and it decreased to 7 deg. We soon passed through it, and the temperature increased to 18½ deg. at two miles high, to 25½ deg. at one mile, and to 42 deg. on the ground, which was reached at 6h. 30m.

The air was dry before leaving the earth; it became very dry at heights exceeding two miles, and at heights exceeding four miles the temperature of the dew point was fully minus 40 deg.

The course of the balloon on leaving the earth, was from the east, and continued so till about 4h. 30m.,

when it changed, and at about 4h. 45m. the Crystal Palace appeared under us; its course again changed, and we met with several different currents of air.

When one mile high the deep roar of London was heard distinctly, and its murmuring noise was heard at greater elevations. At the heights of three and four miles the view was indeed wonderful—the plan-like appearance of London and suburbs, the map-like appearance of the country generally; then, running the eye down the winding Thames, the white cliffs at Margate, and on to Dover. Brighton was seen, and the sea beyond, and all the coast line was clear up to Yarmouth. The north was obscured by clouds. Looking under us, and to the south, there were many detached cumuli clouds resting apparently on the earth, like patches of shining wool, and in some places a solitary cloud, thus apparently resting on the earth, surrounded by a clear space for many miles.

Looking towards Windsor, the Thames was like burnished gold, and the surrounding water like bright silver. Looking towards Putney, the rippling of the water along the banks of the river was distinctly seen. Railway trains were the only moving objects visible, and they looked like some creeping thing, caterpillar-like, and the steam was like a narrow line of serpentine mist. Taking a grand view over the whole visible plain beneath, I was struck with its regularity. The view did not seem natural; it was too even, apparently artificial. The effect of the river scenery was very remarkable in this respect; all the ships looked very diminutive, but were visible beyond the Medway.

At 5h. we could plainly distinguish Greenwich Park as a small garden, and the Royal Observatory as a gray speck. The "Green Man Hotel," Blackheath, was quite distinct; all the docks were mapped out, and every object of moderate size was seen clearly with the naked eye.

At the height of three miles and a half Mr. Coxwell said my face was a glowing purple, and afterwards both our faces were very blue. At heights exceeding three miles the feet and tips of the fingers were very cold. The sky was of a deep prussian blue. When three miles high, on descending, Mr. Coxwell, forgetful of the fact of the grapnel having been exposed to a temperature of zero, incautiously took hold of it with his naked hands, and cried out, as in pain, that he was scalded, and he called on me to assist him to drop it. The sensation was exactly that of scalding water.

The blackness creeping over the land at sunset was very remarkable, while the sun was still shining upon us. The general results of this ascent confirm in a very remarkable degree those obtained from the preceding experiments, and indicate that very few more extreme high ascents will be necessary for this purpose.

DANES AND ENGLISH.

PART II.

Of the matrimonial alliances from time to time contracted between the royal houses of these islands and Denmark, and which demand special notice, the first in order is the marriage of James III of Scotland to Margaret, daughter of Christian, King of Denmark and Norway. Like most of the royal unions of that and subsequent times, it was promoted by the Scottish Councillors of State, who governed during the minority of James, from political motives and to secure national advantages. The Hebrides or Western Isles were by treaty, some two hundred years previously, ceded by

Norway to Scotland, on condition of the payment of an annual sum in the form of quit-rent. From the poverty of the Scottish exchequer, or from other reasons, no payments had been made; and now, with arrears and fines, the debt amounted to not less than four hundred thousand merks. King Christian had for years been pressing for a settlement; but the councillors of James, not disposed, or, what is more likely, not able, to pay over so large a sum, had recourse to another mode of adjusting the difficulty. They proposed to unite their young king in marriage to the daughter of Christian, provided that monarch would forego his pecuniary claim and renounce the right of future tribute for the Western Isles. Negotiations being opened, the Scottish lords, to make the most of the projected alliance, urged also the cession of the Orkney and Shetland Islands, which had hitherto belonged to Norway. Christian demurred to this demand; but while consenting to abandon his claim for the Hebrides, and finding that his exchequer could not furnish the full amount of sixty thousand florins, the sum fixed for dowry, he agreed, as a pledge for the residue, that the Islands should meantime be ceded to Scotland. The remainder of the bride's portion was not paid, and thus they continued attached to the Scottish crown.

Preliminary arrangements being thus satisfactorily concluded, the Princess Margaret sailed for Scotland, and having in July, 1469, safely landed at Leith, she became soon afterwards, amid the general rejoicings of the people, the wife of James III. Nor were these popular demonstrations without sufficient reason. "In the bloom of youth and beauty," says the historian, "amiable and virtuous, educated in all the feminine accomplishments of the age, and richly dowered, she brought as valuable an accession of lustre to the court as of territory to the kingdom."

Fortunate as James was in his marriage to the Danish maiden, his defects of character marred much of the domestic happiness which he might otherwise have enjoyed. The birth of an heir to the crown, afterwards James IV, which took place in March, 1472, led to his isolation from his queen. James, who showed none of the qualities of a ruler fitted to cope with the difficulties of his reign, devoted himself to astrological studies, and at the time of his son's birth read in the conjunction of the stars evil to himself and to his kingdom. Influenced by the superstition of the age, and to avert danger by preventing the infant from falling into the hands of one or other of the factions which rent the country, he shut up his wife and child in the fortified castle of Stirling. Uncared for and unloved by his father, the young prince grew up under the eye of his much-tried and much-enduring mother, giving early indications of a bright genius, and fair promise of every manly accomplishment. Unhappily, when he had reached his fourteenth year, the wise and virtuous Margaret died; and thus divested of her watchful guardianship, he became a tool in the hands of his father's enemies, and by their aid escaped from Stirling Castle. Dying in her thirtieth year, the queen witnessed not the evils—whether or not forecast by astrology, which were to come—the rebellion of her son against her husband, her husband's tragical end, and, some years later, the overwhelming disaster of Flodden, where perished in his manhood's prime, with the rank and flower of the Scottish nation, the princely boy whom so tenderly she had reared and loved.

The ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots, was the great-grand-daughter of the Danish Margaret. Her sapient son, James VI of Scotland and I of England, while yet in his more restricted northern dominions, standing, as he

himself pathetically expressed it, "alone without either father, mother, brother, or sister," anxiously desired to enter the married state, at once to relieve his solitude and to gratify the wishes of his people. His regards were turned to the court of Denmark. But in the exercise of true Scottish caution, he sent thither first of all a confidential commissioner to observe and report on the character and manners of the Danish princesses. The report given, it would appear, was favourable, for shortly afterwards Colonel Stewart was secretly despatched to Copenhagen to negotiate, on the part of James, with the King, a marriage with his eldest daughter, Elizabeth. Queen Elizabeth of England was, however, soon made aware of the nature of the secret embassy, and resolutely set her face against the proposed alliance. The delay, which in consequence ensued, so annoyed the Danish monarch, that he disposed of the hand of the Princess Elizabeth to the Duke of Brunswick. James, not disheartened by his failure, and undeterred by the continued opposition of the English Queen, who wished her cousin of Scotland to marry the Princess of Navarre, paid court to the second daughter of the King of Denmark, the Princess Anne. Katherine of Navarre had reached the mature age of thirty-six, while Anne was only sixteen, and beautiful. A lovely little miniature of the latter was brought from Denmark, which, all the more from comparison with a picture of Katherine sent by Elizabeth, so impressed James, that at all hazards he resolved to marry the Danish princess. The same little miniature, on which the eyes of the kingly lover must have ardently gazed, is preserved as an interesting relic, with the regalia of Scotland, and may, with the crown jewels, be seen by the curious in the Castle of Edinburgh. James despatched a fleet to Denmark to accompany his affianced home, and meanwhile made every preparation for her becoming reception. When time sufficient had elapsed, the young King impatiently awaited the arrival. Still time passed, and as no ships appeared, the impatience of James grew into an agony of uncertainty. At length intelligence came, that after twice sighting the Scottish shores, the fleet had been driven by storms upon the coast of Norway, where, from the damaged state of the vessels, the Queen-expectant would require to pass the winter. But as the storm-stayed bride could not come to him, James, like a right royal lover, resolved to brave the dangers of the deep and go to her. Vessels were hastily fitted out, and the Scottish monarch, with his retinue—including his favourite chaplain, Mr. David Lindsay—embarked, in the words of the old ballad,

"For Noroway, for Noroway,
For Noroway over the foam,
The king's daughter of Noroway,*
The bride to bring her home."

The gallant expedition arrived in safety at Upslo, where the bride was, and at once the impatient lover rode to the place of her residence, and was ushered, *booted*, into her presence.

The nuptials were solemnized without delay, in simple Presbyterian fashion, by the chaplain Lindsay, and as stormy weather again broke out, preventing a return to Scotland, the royal pair journeyed by land through Sweden to Copenhagen, where they were re-married according to the Lutheran rites, and where, enjoying the festivities of the court, they remained for six months.

Desirous that his return to his dominions should be celebrated by his people as became an occasion so great, James wrote to the Lords of Council, to whom he had

committed the management of affairs in his absence, to stir them up to a befitting activity. "A king of Scotland," he assures them, "with a new-married wyfe, will not come home every day." Terribly afraid that the entertainments would fall short of the lavish hospitality of the Danish Court, he adds, "Fail not to provide gude cheare for us, for we have heir abundance of gude meit and drinck." One of the failings of the Scottish king, if all accounts are true, was an undue addiction to the use of the bottle, which, it is to be feared, his residence in Denmark did not tend to cure. In his "Diary," James Melville, after his quaint and homely fashion, says, "At Copenhagen the king made guid cheir, and drank stoutlie* till spring tyme."

The arrival of James with his consort, which took place on the 1st of May, 1590, was attended with the most gratifying manifestations of public welcome and delight. For about a week the Queen remained at Leith, to rest after her fatigue. Meanwhile, the King left no stone unturned to procure the means of festivity and rejoicing. From autograph letters, still extant, he appears to have begged and borrowed on all hands. In one he asks "the loan of some silver spoons," to grace the coronation festival. On the 17th day of the month the coronation took place, Robert Bruce, a leading Presbyterian divine, anointing the neck and arm of the Queen with oil, and the chancellor, by the King's command, placing the crown upon her head.

Prince Henry was born at Stirling Castle, on the 19th February, 1594, and with the birth of her son began the troubles of Anne of Denmark. An ancient Scottish custom required the heir to the throne to be placed in the custody of the hereditary guardian of the kingdom, who at that time was the Earl of Marr, James's faithful servant and adviser. The maternal feelings of the Queen could ill brook the enforced separation. Much she pleaded with the King, and every means did she use to regain possession of her infant; but James was inexorable. Reasons of state were more powerful than the arguments and petulant exhibitions of the bereaved mother. Her antipathy to Lord Marr and his countess was bitter and lasting. After James had gone to his new kingdom, and when the Queen was still in Scotland, he wrote to her that "she would do wisely to forget all her grudges to the Earl of Marr, and think of nothing but thanking God for the peaceable possession they had got of England, which, next under God, might be ascribed to the wise negotiation of the Earl of Marr." Anne's indignant reply was, that "she would rather never see England, than be in any sort beholden to the Earl of Marr." She, however, followed her husband, and was crowned Queen of England on the 25th of July, 1603. A severe pestilence then prevailing made the ceremony almost of a private character.

Anne loved her son, the noble Prince Henry, with an intense affection. For Charles she did not cherish the same feeling. It is recorded of her, that in one of her

* The drinking customs of royal personages in the times of James, and to which our days in this respect afford happily so favourable a contrast, are illustrated by the history of a little ebony whistle, now in the possession of the Fergusson family of Craigdarroch, Dumfriesshire. This whistle, it appears, was brought to Scotland by a Danish gentleman who came in the train of James and Anne. It was laid on the table at the beginning of the orgies, and claimed by him who was able to blow it when all others were disabled by the potency of the bottle. The Dane who possessed the trophy could produce credentials of his victories at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, and Warsaw, and at several of the petty courts of Germany. He was, however, at last overthrown by a Scottish knight, Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwelltown. The poet Burns describes a comparatively recent encounter for the possession of the prize, when the coveted object was gained by Sir Alexander Fergusson. Such degrading contests, we are glad to think, at least as concerns the upper ranks of society, are now matters of the past.

* The King of Denmark was also King of Norway.

petulant outbreaks, she said of Charles, "He will live to plague three kingdoms with his wilfulness." The beautiful Princess Elizabeth she ardently wished to see married to the King of Spain, little foreseeing that through her daughter's union to the Count Palatine of the Rhine, there was in store for her the crown of Bohemia, and for her descendants the throne of the first empire in the world. While the offspring of the consort of James I, in the unfortunate Stuart line, were debarred from the succession to the British Crown, of her daughter Elizabeth was born Sophia, Electress of Hanover, who became the mother of George I, and thus our present royal family can claim a clear descent from the two Danish Princesses, Margaret and Anne.

It is much to the credit of Anne of Denmark, that she befriended two of the greatest men of the period, Lord Bacon and Sir Walter Raleigh; to save the life of the latter she indeed interceded earnestly with the King. At Hampton Court, on the 2nd of March, 1618, at four in the morning, the Queen died; she was buried in Westminster Abbey. During these events the King was at Newmarket, confined from illness. Three months afterwards, he made a public entry into London, "arrayed in suit of blue satin, with a white feather in his hat, and riding on a horse gaily caparisoned in the same colours."

The marriage of the daughter of James II, the Princess Anne, afterwards Queen Anne, to Prince George, brother to the King of Denmark, was the next royal alliance formed between the two courts. This marriage was celebrated at St. James's Chapel, on the 28th of July, 1683, at ten o'clock at night. The uncle of the bride, Charles II, gave her away. The people kindled bonfires, while shows and diversions were provided for their amusement, and the bells of all the churches of London rang merrily. "I saw Prince George," says Evelyn, "on the 25th of July; he has the Danish countenance, blonde; of few words, spake French, but ill; seemed somewhat heavy, but is reported to be valiant." William III had little love for the Princess Anne, and less for her husband; yet, at the interment of the hero of the Revolution the latter acted the part of chief mourner.

Prince George was the first consort of a Queen of Great Britain who did not share in the royal dignity. The reason of the exclusion it is difficult to find; most probably it was unwillingness on the part of the Prince himself. The precedent, however, thus furnished has since been followed. At the coronation of Anne, her husband, ranking as a subject, took the lead of the peers, and performed his homage as Duke of Cumberland. A settlement of £100,000 a-year was made on the Prince for life. An allowance so large provoked comment in the House of Commons. Sir Stephen Fox is represented as saying "that £50,000 was sufficient for the income of the Prince of Denmark, because his grandeur would not be expensive to him, as her Majesty would provide him with lodgings, bed, wax lights, and all expenses of food and housekeeping." In politics Prince George was a Tory. He was made Generalissimo of the Forces, and Lord High Admiral. Burnet says he had no vices; and he has received credit for bravery. There is a statue of the Prince, erected by Sir Christopher Wren, in the Town Hall of Windsor, bearing the inscription, "A hero in every age to be venerated," which, it is to be feared, is high-flown rather than truthful. At least it differs considerably from another contemporary opinion, which represents Prince George as "the most indolent of all mankind." It is certain he gave no trouble by meddling in public affairs.

But whatever might have been either the virtues or defects of her husband, Queen Anne had for him "an

extraordinary tender affection," and with the utmost care nursed him during his last illness, and on his death abandoned herself to grief. Her union was a happy one. The words of the poet of that day contain truth—

"The only married queen that ne'er knew strife,
Controlling monarchs, but submissive wife."

To unworthy and unwomanly spite we must therefore attribute Mrs. Freeman's remark, that "the very day the Prince died, the Queen ate three very large and hearty meals."

The union of Matilda, the youngest daughter of Frederick Prince of Wales, and the sister of George III, to Christian VII of Denmark, was unfortunate, and attended with painful results. It is unnecessary to detail these. "Christian, debased in morals, and verging towards idiocy," was utterly unfit to be the husband of one so young and beautiful. The victim, it is believed, of a base intrigue, Queen Matilda was removed from court, and confined in the Castle of Cronenberg. By the interference of the British Government she was removed to Zell, where, some years afterwards, she died, protesting her innocence of the charges made against her.

The Danes, as a race, are brave, loyal, sincere, and simple-minded. From among such a people, and from a royal household where the virtues of domestic life have been carefully cultivated, another Danish Princess has come to England as the wife of the Prince of Wales, and (may the day be distant!) as our future Queen; but, what is far better, she has come, we fervently trust, to find and create happiness in a British home. Already has she gained a large place in the heart of the nation. Her welcome, sung by the Poet Laureate, has been echoed in thunders of applause by an enthusiastic people:—

"Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea,
Alexandra!

Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!

Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!
Welcome her, thundering clear of the street!
Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
Scatter the blossom under her feet!
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!
Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers!
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!
Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!
Flags, flatter out upon turrets and towers!
Flames, on the windy headland flare!
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!
Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!
Welcome her, welcome the land's desire,

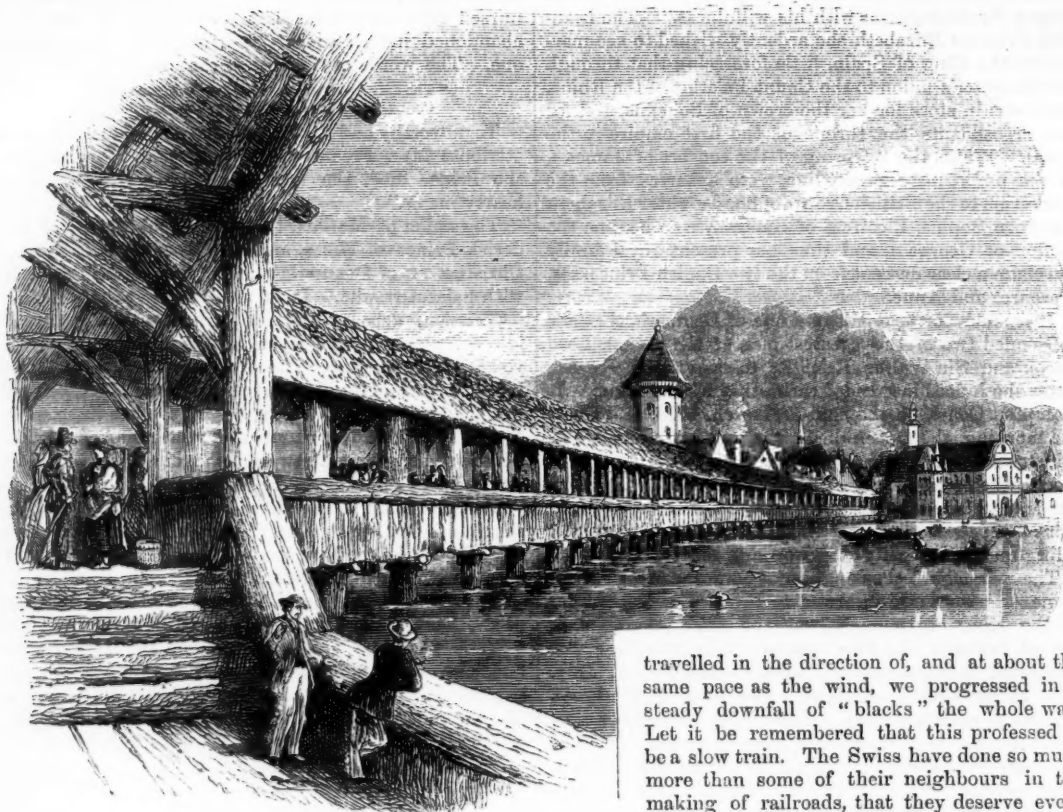
Alexandra!

Sea-kings' daughter, as happy as fair,
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea,
O joy to the people and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us, and make us your own:
For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,

Alexandra!"

Nor has the Scottish muse been unmindful of its tribute, as the following extract from the "Nuptial Ode" of Professor Aytoun will show, where he rises from poetical flattery to the utterance of a sincere prayer:—

"Too sweet for incense! Take our loves instead,
Most freely, truly, and devoutly given;
Our prayer for blessings on that gentle head,
For earthly happiness and rest in heaven!
May never sorrow dim those dove-like eyes,
But peace as pure as reigned in Paradise,
Calm and untainted on creation's eve,
Attend thee still! May holy angels keep
Watch o'er thy path, and guard thee in thy sleep!
Long years of joy and mutual love be thine,
And all that mortals ask or can receive
Of benediction from the Hand Divine!"



THE OLD BRIDGE, LUCERNE.

THE REGULAR SWISS ROUND.

II.—BASLE TO LUCERNE.

WE went by a slow train from Basle to Lucerne, and thus the journey, though short in distance, was long in time. It was the slowest train I ever was in. Well, we had no need to hasten, as we did not intend to go beyond Lucerne that night; but I thought of the sarcastic traveller when he walked past an old stage while it was changing horses.

"Won't you ride?" says the coachman.

"No, thankee," he replied; "I'm in a hurry."

It was well we were not: for the train stopped, not only at all the stations, but several times between them. A facetious fellow-traveller kept putting his head out of the window at these delays, and professed to give reasons for them. "Now," says he, "the stoker's hat is blown off—now he has got down to gather some strawberries—now he is lighting his pipe—now he has stopped to get some beer." But to speak for ourselves, the halts were long enough at the stations for refreshment. Pleasant-looking girls came out with trays full of glasses of beer ready poured out, cool, bright, and frothy. Some of this Swiss beer is excellent, being light and bitter. There was a good deal of it consumed in the carriage next ours, where they had a fiddle, and much conversation, the women knitting all the while. The carriages were very long, and, like the American, had a highway—a sort of main street, or backbone, the whole length of the train—up and down which the guards passed, examining our tickets *en route*, and occasionally looking in to see that all was right. Almost everybody smoked: so did the engine. As it burnt coal, not coke, and we

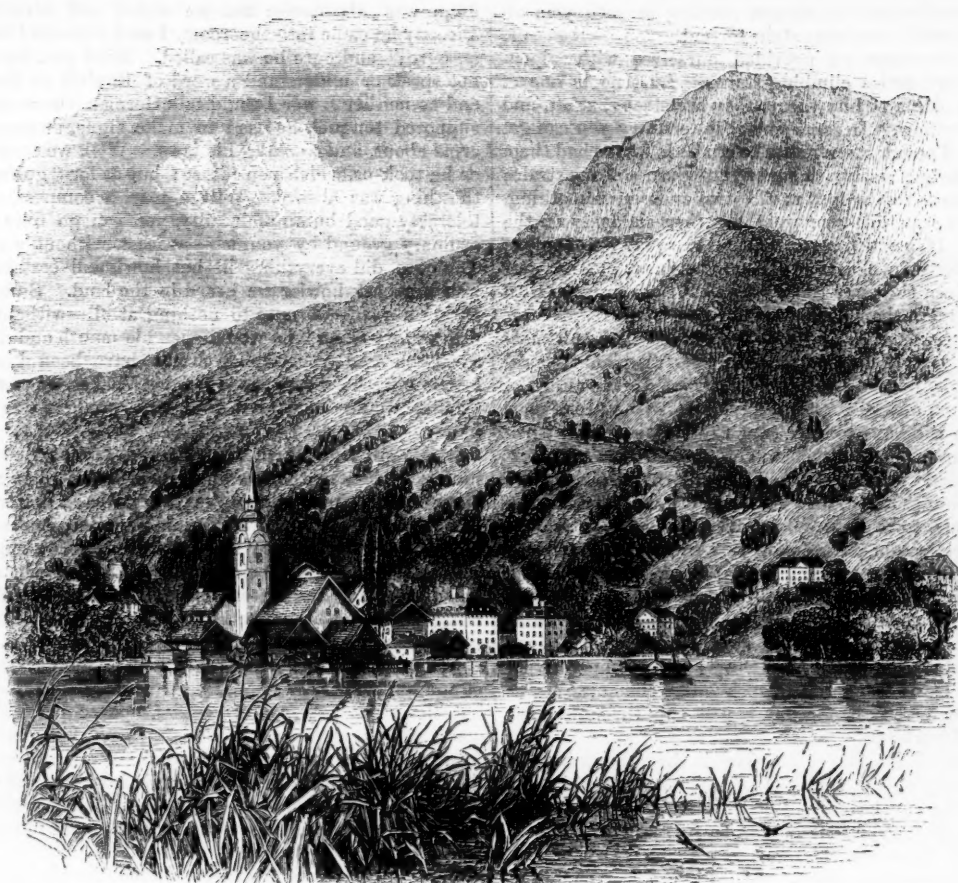
travelled in the direction of, and at about the same pace as the wind, we progressed in a steady downfall of "blacks" the whole way. Let it be remembered that this professed to be a slow train. The Swiss have done so much more than some of their neighbours in the making of railroads, that they deserve every praise. Down to the year 1855, the only railway in Switzerland was a short line from

Zurich to Baden, a village in the neighbourhood. In the next three years there were seven or eight lines open. This is very creditable, considering the number of local interests there are in this country. For many years they hindered almost every attempt to introduce the locomotive; but 1848, which shook Europe, set up a fresh action in Switzerland, which still spreads. Though the country is hilly, it is not a very difficult one to the railway engineer, as the lines follow the valleys, where alone they can find merchandise and passengers to carry.

As we travelled towards Lucerne, we were reminded of the well-known grass which bears its name, by the immense amount of hay which is grown here. A clever system of irrigation, aided by a hot sun, often enables the farmer to get three crops off the same field during the summer. Indeed, hay and grass are the principal produce of Switzerland. The lower mountains are covered with sweet herbage, and sometimes grazed to the very edge of the glaciers—indeed, the word Alp means "mountain pasturage"—while many of the valleys, such as those of Les Ormonds, are devoted entirely to dairy produce.

We noticed that there were no haystacks, the hay being put at once into well-ventilated chalêts, or barns, one of which stands on every plot. Now, as these are built on the same plan as the dwelling-houses, being hardly distinguishable from them at some little distance, the country has the appearance of being much more thickly peopled than it is. The road frequently seems to lie for hours through a scattered village, while in reality not one building in ten is inhabited.

In 1850 the population of the whole country, towns and all, was something over two millions. The propor-



THE RIGHI AND KUSSNACHT, LAKE OF LUCERNE.

tion of Protestants to Romanists is about that of seven to five. There are three distinct languages—German, French, and Italian, besides strong dialects, which are horrible mixtures of them all. Spreading from Hampstead Heath—within the sound of one big bell—traversed hourly by the same omnibuses—toiling under the same cloud of smoke—reading the same “Times”—is a population greater than that spread over the fourteen thousand square miles of Switzerland. But the Swiss are knit by a stronger bond than that of either language or numbers—they are free; they can go about without hindrance, live where they like, and grumble whenever they please. Of course this freedom produces there, as it does in other places, a great amount of local discord and religious dissension. Where there is no enforced uniformity, there “many men” will show “many minds.” All the better, we English think. People can’t understand one another without some misunderstanding. Give us honest opinions fearlessly uttered, though they do make a little noise sometimes, rather than affected unanimity, calm as sleep, but dangerous as disease.

How the Swiss came to be free is hard to say in a few words; but they probably owe their present freedom from continental interference as much to the nature of their country as to anything else; at any rate, their liberty is of the right sort—home-grown—and therefore likely to last.

But we must have done with all these cogitations, for the train is drawing near to Olten. Olten is a great centre of railroads; lines branch off to Berne, Zurich, and

Lucerne. We had to change carriages, and got over lunch at the same time. For this I had a large sandwich, which tasted like a piece of gutta-percha between two slices of cork.

Into the train again, and off we crawled to Lucerne. As we drew near, we passed the Lake of Sempach, the road running close to the reeds, which grow at the water’s edge. Sempach is famous for its shores having, in 1386, witnessed one of the great battles between the Austrians and Swiss (which the latter won), helping much towards the establishment of freedom in their land. It is well when a battle-field is not infamous but famous.

From this part of the road we had fine views of the Righi and Pilatus; the former showing its top cut off by a thin knife-like cloud.

Arrived at Lucerne we wandered about the town, over its curious covered bridges, and by the far-famed Lake, which is, indeed, considered the grandest in Europe. So many aspects does it present, and so irregular is its shape, that, when viewed from some of the neighbouring mountains, its arms appear distinct and independent; two of us had quite a warm little dispute when on the top of the Righi, as to whether a sheet of water we saw below us was part of the Lake of Lucerne or not.

We were much struck with the appearance of the town. It stands at the outflow of the river Reuss. Almost all the bridges (which are curious) are covered in, and the inner sides of one are ornamented with paintings out of the “Dance of Death.” The longest, which crosses the mouth of the river diagonally, is a delightful place for a

stroll on a hot day; not only do you get shade, but you see the cool, clear blue stream rushing beneath you, almost as swiftly as a mountain torrent.

This afternoon we provided ourselves with alpenstocks—the Swiss climbing-staves. Lucerne is one of the best places to buy them: they are strong, stout, and made of willow. In some part of the country you can get only fir. These last are not to be trusted; I have had them snap quite inexcusably. They ought to bear a heavy strain; and the best test is to rest the two ends on something, and then lean all your weight rather suddenly on the middle. If the stick bears that, you may lay the blame of your failures in climbing not on the wood, but on your legs. Even these, by the way, need not be brought with you any more than your stick, for you “find them” after two or three days’ hard work. The alpenstock is most useful when you are going down hill. I can’t explain the process, that is, not so as to do you any good; for, after the best written and best studied advice as to the use of your staff, you will have to learn how to wield it afresh, when you are on the mountain-side. One thing let me say, however; directly you have bought your alpenstock, if you are really going to use it, and not merely walk about with it on the flats, to make people think you have been climbing—directly you have bought your alpenstock, which should be six feet long, have the spike at the end drawn out, and another with a shoulder to it put in, twice or three times as long and stout. The miserable little toothpicks generally sold get stumped up or shoved in, directly after, rendering the “baton” comparatively useless. Don’t buy an alpenstock with a chamois horn at the upper end, or some day it will slip through your hand and hurt you.

The principal sight of Lucerne is the “monument to the memory of the Swiss Guards,” who fell while defending the royal family of France in the first revolution. It is carved out of the face of a rock, after a design of Thorwaldsen’s, and represents a dying lion trying to protect a shield. Beneath are the names of the officers who fell there. As an Englishman, though without any great hunger for sights, especially monuments, I could not but feel that this was a grand national tribute on the part of the Swiss to the sense of duty. These Swiss soldiers were hired to defend the Tuileries; we all know how bravely they fulfilled their trust. It is the truest heroism to “do our best,” however deserted and opposed.

The ascent of Mount Pilatus—so called from an old tradition that Pontius Pilate drowned himself in a lake near its summit—is made from Lucerne. It is a stiffer climb than the Righi, but the view from the top, though very grand, is very frequently spoiled by clouds. So long do mists hang about it, though the weather be elsewhere fine, that superstition has referred them to the spiritual presence of Pilate, who was supposed to hide his ghost among them. Indeed, for many years there was a law in Lucerne, which, on this account, forbade the ascent of the mountain. Even now, they say some people urge you not to go up.

Having slept at Lucerne, we prepared to set off upon our walk. The luggage being directed “Thun,” and sent off by “baggage post,” we looked round for a guide. J. happened to fall in with one of the Laueners who had accompanied him some years before; so we took counsel with him, and knowing that we wanted a porter more than a guide, he came into our inn, and looking at the pack we wanted to be carried, said, “Ah! I know of a man for you. I will send him in.” In he presently came—a hulking heavy-limbed fellow, in a suit of stained grey dittoes, with a narrow, evil face, marked

with the small-pox, brown teeth, and bloodshot eyes. Jahn was his name; but we didn’t call him by it. Directly he came into the room, I said, “Guide! this is an ogre;” and ogre he was called. Mind you, he could not speak or understand a word of English or French; and as neither J. nor I could talk German (the monster’s supposed tongue), he used to make signs, swaying his arms about, and working his jaws. Well, we took him, or he took us, which you please; but as for “guidance,” the thing was absurd. With a map, a compass, and a tolerably good bump of locality, you can go over most ordinary ground by yourself—at least, without a guide. The ogre did everything ill but howl, and certainly he was the best howler we heard in the land. Suddenly, within a yard—*à propos* to nothing at all—without any preparatory ahem! he would open his mouth and deliver a complicated yell, which might have been heard a league off. This was the Ranz des Vaches, or cow row. Chaillu would have shot him, and brought his skin home.

The ogre howled throughout the day, at uncertain intervals; but in the evening, when he got along with other guides in the tap-room, over kirsch water (the native spirit), his howl was paramount and continuous. You heard it at dinner; it went on while you sat outside and smoked your cigar afterwards, and when you had wound up your watch and got into bed (we always turned in early), often the last sound which accompanied the passage to sleep was a gust of the ogre’s howl.

We all said at the time that, in the common journal of our walk, the ogre should have a chapter to himself; but the sight and sound of him, not to particularize other senses whereby we always knew his presence, made so strong an impression, that the attempt to condense our observations into a single chapter had to be abandoned. The ogre was the thread upon which all our earlier adventures were strung, and could not therefore be rolled up in a ball by himself.

Though we were singularly “served” in this instance, Swiss guides are, on the whole, a very respectable set of men. It was of no consequence to us; for we were not doing anything dangerous or new, and the ogre carried our traps as well as Apollo, or better. He was a great source of amusement, and albeit we were angry with him sometimes, he was a kindly monster at heart, and seemed to have many acquaintances.

I need hardly say, that in any dangerous or questionable expeditions it is folly not to secure the services of good guides, most especially when you have much walking in the snow, and glacier work. I would not have gone over an ice-pass with the ogre, for all the glory of the Alpine Club. Having hired him, and sent off heavier luggage to Thun, we went in light marching order on board the steamer, which left Lucerne at a quarter past one for Küssnacht, a village on the lake at the foot of the Righi.

This is the popular mountain in Switzerland. Everybody ascends it, young and old, grave and gay, men, women and children; some walk, some ride, some are carried up in chairs with poles under them, like Guy Fawkes. Altogether about twenty thousand get up it every year, one way or another. There are of course several routes to the summit; paths crawl and zigzag up from all sides—there are four, up which people generally ride, to say nothing of those suited only for walkers. There are the routes from Goldau, Küssnacht, Weggis, and Gersau: these, however, fall in with others, also principal bridle-paths. We walked; but there were two or three little caravans of horses and porters creeping up at the same time. You must not suppose that the Righi is quite as

lively as an ant-hill, for all there are so many crawling tourists about it. It is some 4300 feet above the level of the lake; so we stepped out from our steamer on to the landing-place at Küssnacht, with a good walk to begin with. Directly we set foot on shore, we were besieged by a host of porters and little boys—the latter precisely the same all the world over—eager to carry something. One tough brown young monkey stuck to us ever so long: he would carry a knapsack to the summit for three francs. "Tree!" says he, running on before us, so as to make the offer very obvious. "Tree!" says he, holding up three fingers; however, we didn't want him, and set our faces against the hill side and his proposal.

It was oppressively hot; the sun shone straight down upon the path up which we toiled, straight down upon our backs. The stones glowed like the floor of an oven, and the shimmer which rose from the scorched rock and soil made every outline waver and tremble, as if it were floating in the wind; but there was no wind, not breath enough to blow away the thistle seed which fell on the ground below the stalk. Here, thinks I, as, on putting my hand to my knapsack, I felt one of the buckles as hot as a young horseshoe, here is a pleasant beginning of a holiday—not to have walked up anything steeper than Holborn for twelve months, and now to labour like this, and all because I felt weak and ill! Suppose I had been condemned to it, now. Ah! toil is not toilsome to the body when the mind is willing; the fetter on the wrist does not make a slave. This walk up the Righi is of course nothing under certain circumstances. I found by experience afterwards, and inquiry too, that our trial of it was a very severe one. The sun on our backs, the dead hot calm everywhere, soon made us warm to our work. Still we pushed smartly on, thankful for an occasional patch of shade, however ragged.

About half way up our path there was a house, with shade and benches out of doors, cows standing by whisking their tails, and impatiently stamping at the flies; better still, there was a bustling landlord, with tall glasses of fresh milk and bright cool beer. So we sat down, and looked back on the lakes of Zug and Lucerne, while we refreshed ourselves.

But we were only half way; so off we set again, after a ten minutes' rest. The air grew fresher as we rose, and we found ourselves on the summit sooner than we expected. All the principal paths meet at a shoulder of the hill, about half an hour's walk from the Kulm, or true top. There is an inn at this focus of the road; but no one remains there unless that on the top be full. This, of course, is provoking to mine host, who for years had nearly his own way. Latterly, however, an enterprising fellow bought a bit of land on the summit, and built a huge hotel there: but he had to pay enough for the privilege; one would have thought a patch on the top of a bare hill likely to be cheap; but it became the rage: everybody wanted not only to see the sun rise from the Righi, but to sleep there over-night; so the canton made the landlord pay more than two thousand pounds for the site of his lonely inn.

Lonely, that is in situation; for it is generally, in summer, crammed to its caves: deserted half the year, the other half it is more than filled. It seemed so as we entered; there was a crowd of all kinds—porters and guides, of course; young ladies who had ridden, tourists who had walked, fat and lazy people who had been carried; but we got bed-rooms, and in a short time dinner too, which just then seemed more attractive than any view you could point out. Two long tables in a large *salle-à-manger* were quite full. The guests had all come up to see the sun rise, or, if not that, to see it set, which

it did in the middle of dinner. A few enthusiastic people laid down their knives and forks to look out of the window. Most of them, however, preferred the positive tangible scene within doors, to the spectacle without, though it was superb: for we could see it where we were. Great floods of changing colour welled up and struck against the clouds, as if the rainbow-laden sun, which had sailed and shone with a steady white light throughout the day, were now being wrecked, and as if a rainbow-laden ship was breaking up upon the rocks, like a ship whose precious cargo floats out upon the sea.



MOUNT PILATE, FROM WIGGIS, LAKE OF LUCERNE.

JOHN ABERCROMBIE, M.D. EDIN. AND OXON.*

JOHN ABERCROMBIE was born in Aberdeen on the 12th of October, 1780. His father, the Rev. George Abercrombie, was minister of the East Parish Church in that city. His literary education was received, first at the Grammar School of Aberdeen, and afterwards at Marischal College and University, where he studied for four years, and took the degree of A.M.

He was not undistinguished in the earlier period of his studies; for in 1795 Marischal College adjudged to him a prize for the best translation of Greek into Latin and English.

Having embraced medicine as his profession, he proceeded to Edinburgh to pursue his studies at its famed medical school. That school had been for some time, even as far back as the close of the seventeenth century, endeavouring to obviate the necessity generally felt by students of medicine to repair to Leyden and other schools on the Continent. It was to the first Monro, more than to any other person, that Edinburgh was indebted for the commencement and organization of its medical school. Fresh from Leyden and Boerhaave, Monro began to teach anatomy and surgery in that capital. Other teachers of medicine and the collateral

* The writer of this biographical sketch was a cotemporary and fellow-townsmen of the distinguished physician to which it relates; and having had the privilege of his acquaintance for more than thirty years, having often met him in consultation, and thoroughly known and admired his truly Christian character, he thinks it will not be unprofitable to present his life to the notice of a new generation, at least to the non-professional portion of it; for his medical brethren and successors are not likely soon to forget his excellencies.—ALEX. MACAULAY, M.D.

sciences clustered around him, as Porterfield, Rutherford, Sinclair, Plummer, and Innes; and in 1726, they were appointed Professors in the University of Edinburgh, by the Town Council, then the patrons of that Institution. For seventy years, a succession of able men, both as physicians and authors, raised and maintained the celebrity of Edinburgh as a school of medicine; and students flocked thither from all regions of the globe.

When Abercrombie began his studies, at the close of the last century, the Edinburgh school continued in the fulness of its fame and efficiency. Some of its brightest luminaries had lately been extinguished: Joseph Black, the philosophic discoverer in chemistry, was gone; Cullen, the great master of physic, was no more; but there still remained the second Monro, little inferior to the first, and Gregory, and Rutherford; while men of talent were still coming forward, not unworthy to be enrolled in the same lists with those who had preceded them.

Under such masters, Abercrombie prosecuted his studies, with the conscientious zeal and perseverance which belonged to his character. He resided in the family of the Rev. David Black, minister of Lady Yester's Church, during the whole of his academical career. Mr. Black was a pastor eminently faithful and pious, a safe and affectionate guide to every serious inquirer about religious concerns, and stamped with the character and manners of a gentleman. In the family of such a man, the growing excellencies of Abercrombie found a congenial soil; and the members of it were delighted with the unaffected piety of their youthful inmate.

He took his degree of M.D. at Edinburgh, in June, 1803, and after his graduation went for a short time to London, where he studied at St. George's Hospital.

Among the methods employed by our young aspirant to increase his knowledge, and prepare him for the exercise of his profession, he attended most assiduously to *post mortem* examinations, or the inspection of the changes produced by disease on the texture and conformation of the internal organs of the body. This was the method by which Morgagni, Heberden, and Baillie acquired their knowledge of diseases, both as to their diagnosis and their cure; and in such acquisitions Abercrombie was pre-eminent. No doubt, modern physicians, by means of the microscope, the stethoscope, percussion, chemistry, and other expedients, have obtained a knowledge of internal disease, which would have made Abercrombie wonder; but in his time, morbid dissections were not very easily obtained; and he made a noble use of the opportunities he possessed. It is greatly to the credit of the physicians and surgeons of our day, that while every art and science has been advancing so rapidly, and adding so much to the power and the convenience of mankind, their very important sciences have kept pace with them all.

In November 1804, Abercrombie was admitted a Fellow of the College of Surgeons of Edinburgh. This learned body, though bearing the title of a Royal College, continued to be one of the fourteen incorporated trades of Edinburgh; and retained the privileges, which in ruder times were conferred on guilds and corporations, for the petty advantages of their members, when free-trade principles were yet unknown. The surgeons were in the habit of taking apprentices, who, on payment of certain fees, and a servitude for a number of years, succeeded to the status and monopoly of their masters, when they settled in Edinburgh. The surgeons supplied drugs to their own patients; and thus their apprentices acquired the knowledge of pharmacy, and also had some opportunities of seeing practice among the poorer classes of their masters' patients. The excellent character of Abercrombie, and his well-known extensive and

charitable assistance given to the sick poor, made him be much sought after as an instructor of young men intended for the medical profession. Accordingly, for a number of years he had a succession of numerous pupils, and had the honour of teaching not a few men who afterwards became eminent as physicians and surgeons, both in private life and in the public service. Conscientious in this, as in everything else, he considered himself in *loco parentis* to his young charge, and omitted nothing that could contribute to their real present and future welfare. The constant view of his upright moral character was another precious advantage to his students.

He began his public life as a general practitioner, with no lack of patients to attend to; but, as every medical man must expect, his remuneration at first was not equally copious. In 1821, died Dr. James Gregory, Professor of the Practice of Physic in the University, and the acknowledged head of the consulting physicians of Edinburgh. Abercrombie, conscious of his own powers, and justly confident in his medical acquirements, decided at once to lay himself out for consulting practice, and ceased to be a general and family practitioner. The profession and the public, almost with acclamation, at once admitted his claim, and assigned him the place which Gregory had occupied. "From this time to the close of his life (says Professor Douglas Maclagan), Abercrombie's career was one of steady professional prosperity. His bodily frame robust, his mind ever vigorous and clear, his habits methodical, and his punctuality unimpeachable, his time at consultation never lost upon what was merely speculative, but economically expended upon what was clinically important, enabled him easily to satisfy the large demands made upon him for his opinion and advice, by a public who confided in, and a profession who looked up to him." During an epidemic fever, in 1828, he was able, as he informed the writer of this paper, to attend forty-five consultations in one day; a fact which embodies in itself a whole history of punctuality in the physician, of respect on the part of his brethren, and confidence in the public who sought his advice.

The success of a physician in a great city is not always the reward of learning and genius. To be patronized by people of fashion, to be possessed of plausibility of manners, to set up a showy equipage, as if success were already attained—such expedients have not unfrequently lifted a very inferior mind to a lucrative practice. But it was not by arts like these that Abercrombie took the foremost rank among his medical contemporaries. To solid and substantial acquirements he added that quick and sagacious tact which cannot be described, nor imparted, nor bequeathed; which enabled him, at the bedside of the patient, to see at once the state of the case, and to prescribe the proper remedies.

Dr. Abercrombie was the author of many treatises on medicine and philosophy, all of the highest merit; there was no hasty publishing to bring himself into notice (another expedient, by the way, which we might have mentioned above). He had been established in practice for twelve years before he gave forth his valuable pathological writings. We shall merely mention a few of the chief of these, as the general reader could neither relish nor understand a discussion on medicine or surgery. In 1818, he began to publish in the "Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal," his researches on the pathology of the brain; and in 1820, he added researches into the pathology of the intestinal canal. He published at various times, other detached papers on other organs, which we need not stop to enumerate. In 1828, he published in one volume, the papers from the "Edinburgh Journal," on diseases of the brain and the spinal cord.

In the same year, under the title of "Diseases of the Abdominal Viscera," he republished his papers formerly inserted in the "Medical Journal." These books, as completed and published by the author, were subsequently translated into French and German. They were at once, both abroad and at home, recognised as standard works on pathology; they found a place in every medical library; and a new edition of each was called for and published, two years afterwards.*

While thus conspicuous in his own profession, he was assiduous in the performance of every duty, as a useful citizen and a consistent Christian. He was a steady supporter, and even an active agent, in many of the charitable institutions of Edinburgh; it was therefore quite in character that he should be President of the Destitute Sick Society, one of the most useful and benevolent schemes of true kindness, both to soul and body, which has ever alleviated the miseries of mankind. Formed by some pious but unpretending citizens, in the year 1785, it has continued ever since, with increased efficiency, to perform its benevolent functions. To this Society, Dr. Abercrombie devoted much of his time and substance, his counsel and personal visitations.

In missionary work both at home and abroad he took an active interest, and especially advocated the claims of Medical Missions, as offering most promising openings for Christian evangelization. To him Dr. Parker first applied for aid, when, in 1841, he visited this country on behalf of the Chinese Mission. This field of usefulness was zealously taken up by the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society, of which Dr. Abercrombie was the first President.

During the long period of his public life, many agitating questions occupied the attention of that community of which he was a member: and the part he took was such as might be expected from his judicious and well-regulated mind; but he was always calm and unobtrusive in his manifestations. He was no platform orator; nor did he engage in public and angry controversy.

In domestic life he was eminently happy. He married, in 1808, Agnes, daughter of David Wardlaw, Esq., of Netherbeath, in Fifeshire, by whom he had a numerous family. As was to be expected, he was beloved and venerated at home. Mrs. Abercrombie died in 1835.

His religious character was known and acknowledged by all around him; but perhaps it cannot be better described than it was, at the time of his lamented death, by those who were joined with him in church-membership and office, under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Bruce:

"Dr. Abercrombie's religion partook of the masculine vigour of his whole character. While too uniform and active for its warmth ever to be doubted, it was eminently practical and tempered. It appeared rather in action than in words; was more a habit than an impulse; was always visible, yet wholly free from every taint of ostentation or display. Resting on a firm basis of principle, derived from an intelligent acquaintance with the system of divine truth and duty in the Bible, it acted with the regularity of a fixed law, ran out into no eccentricities, and attracted observation by no extravagancies of opinion, exaggerations of feeling, or morbid peculiarities of phraseology or manner. It was the 'spirit of power and of love,' in combination with the 'spirit of a sound mind.' It was impossible for any who had access to him, as an intimate and a friend, not to perceive that his religion, calm and measured in its public displays, and eminently marked by a considerate 'wisdom towards them that are without,' was associated

in its fountain with the keenest sensibility to all its interior impressions, and possessed of every gracious feature of a divinely-produced, as well as of a wisely-regulated Christian experience. To the office-bearers of the congregation his memory is endeared by many grateful recollections. We cannot forget that he was amongst us as one of ourselves, arrogating nothing, assuming nothing; equally ready to follow as to lead, to hearken to counsel as to give it. We cannot forget the cordiality of his manner, the frankness of his communications, his mild wisdom in deliberation, his comprehensive interest and untiring co-operation in every plan for promoting the temporal or spiritual advantage of the members and families of the congregation."

We may here also insert some memoranda by another old friend of Dr. Abercrombie, Robert Paul, Esq., who long enjoyed his intimacy, and had personal knowledge of his habits and character:—

"To casual observers his outward presence and bearing were not more commanding than those of most other men; he was a sharp, agile, and active man, of ordinary stature, of a grave and thoughtful aspect; and his general manner was rather dry and taciturn, than familiar or attractive.

"But every one saw the intense earnestness of his mind, in whatever he was engaged in, or took in hand, and the unquenchable energy with which he concentrated his attention at once on the chief points and the important features of every case, professional or otherwise, with which he had to deal. He had no time or inclination for what was trifling, or frivolous, or non-essential. He fixed his mind at once on the reality of the things before him, dived in a moment into their substance, and cast everything else aside. He was far-seeing in observation, and in action quick and prompt. It was this peculiar sagacity—this instinctive quick-sightedness and decision, which, in his medical practice, gave him a sway over other minds, and in the discovery of the causes of disease and the exact condition of a patient, often left them far behind him. By a steady and peculiar look into the countenance or the eye, it seemed as if he could discern the seat and stage of a malady, while others were groping their way through certain other outward symptoms and manifestations, for something to account for them. And when the real circumstances were ascertained, then followed the most energetic measures, accompanied with the most anxious and unwearied watchfulness. We have known cases, secretly considered by him to be imminent, when, after his morning visit, which was not expected to be repeated till the following one, families have been surprised by a renewed inspection of the state of his patient at almost every successive hour of the day. Inwardly feeling, though not by words manifesting, a keen interest in the progress of the disease, or of the cure, he could admit of no half measures, or dallying, or circumlocution, or points of punctilio, and caring for nothing but what was sound and true in theory, and safe and beneficial in practice, he brushed everything else aside, and acquired a decided and admitted ascendancy in the profession which he so much advanced and adorned.

"Notwithstanding his undemonstrative manner, Dr. Abercrombie was truly a tender-hearted man. He thought much, not about others, but for others, quietly contriving schemes for their benefit and comfort, and steadily pursuing and promoting them to an end.

"His considerate anxiety for the good of the young medical students immediately under his charge was very remarkable, and stretched far beyond their professional requirements, into the sphere of their spiritual interests

* Details will be found in Professor Douglas MacLagan's Address before the Harveian Society of Edinburgh, April, 1854.

and concerns. The writer of these notes can never forget the case of a near relation of his, a fine young man, of twenty-one years of age, over whom Dr. Abercrombie watched with parental anxiety during the progress of a malady which terminated fatally, not only giving the most constant personal attendance, but making one or other of his young men be almost unintermittingly at the bedside of the sufferer. And when the scene closed, which it did while Dr. Abercrombie and two of these youths were present, how earnestly and affectionately he spoke to them, and sought to improve for their highest good the solemn occasion; and, kneeling down along with them, he poured out a most fervent prayer, that the scene which they had witnessed might be savingly impressed upon all their hearts.

"His contributions to the charitable institutions of Edinburgh, and to other objects of Christian enterprise and benevolence on a wider sphere, were upon a large scale, and were conscientiously made to keep pace with his advancing income; while his private donations to families and individuals who were labouring under straitened circumstances, or some temporary pressure, were the fruit of that quiet consideration, and the tokens of that true and deep sympathy which dwelt in his mind and heart. To not a few whose circumstances in life suffered a reverse, he gave the loan of large sums of money, which were known to scarcely any but themselves, and never were repaid.

"Not long after the establishment of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Edinburgh Bible Society was formed, and in course of time several branch auxiliaries in different quarters of the city, one of which was the Northern, or New Town Bible Society (known, from the initial letters of its designation, by the title of "The Nabs"). It was promoted and supported chiefly by a number of pious and zealous young men, who chose Dr. Abercrombie as its president; and into its objects and proceedings he entered with the warmest interest. After a year or two, they resolved to hold a public meeting on its behalf, which accordingly took place in the large hall that was long known by the name of Corri's Rooms, and it is worth noting, that this was the first occasion when a large public meeting, to which all were invited, was held in Edinburgh on account of a religious institution. The room was crowded; the young gentlemen, according to a programme which formed a regular and well-built argument in support of Bible Societies, took each a separate point, and delivered some very spirited addresses, which were closed by a most solemn, earnest, and encouraging speech by Dr. Abercrombie from the chair, which he concluded most effectively with the lofty and inspiring verses of the twenty-third Paraphrase, beginning with the line,

'Lo, former scenes, predicted once.'

The whole scene of that evening meeting, which was repeated in subsequent years, was long remembered by many, and was really a sort of inauguration of the large public meetings on behalf of religious objects, which have since that period become so general.

"For the year or two which preceded the disruption of the Church of Scotland, Dr. Abercrombie's mind was greatly disturbed and agitated on the subject. Not that he did not approve of the principles on which the movement was proceeding, but he deeply lamented the breaking up the National Established Church, to which, naturally, he had been long attached. He did not for some time foresee how the great body that separated from it could be compacted or supported, and was pressed down with the thought of the sufferings and privations to which they would inevitably be exposed.

But when the crisis came, there was no hesitation in his mind. He at once joined the Free Church, and was deeply interested in all its early proceedings. Alas! it was only its initiatory history that he was destined to know; for it was in the year following the disruption that he was so suddenly and prematurely cut off; but during the months of the winter before his death, he had the happiness of promoting, in an eminent degree, the erection of a place of worship for the Free Church congregation of St. Andrew's, the pulpit of which was filled by the distinguished minister, (Dr. John Bruce,) who, in the course of the year subsequent to Dr. Abercrombie's death, became his son-in-law."

In 1830, Dr. Abercrombie published "Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers, and the Investigation of Truth," and in 1833, "The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings." He published in various years subsequently some smaller treatises more pointedly on religious subjects. We merely mention those publications here, as it is our purpose, in another article, to enter more fully into the critical examination of them.

It is surprising that in the midst of his incessant occupations he was able to produce so many useful works. An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, that "time was his estate," an estate, indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry. Abercrombie adopted this maxim in its fullest extent, and suffered no part of his estate to run to waste. Like Erasmus, and De Witt, when going from place to place, whether in his daily round or to consultations at a distance, he was unwilling to lose a thought, and his pencil and note-book were in constant requisition. Once, in a long night journey, his carriage lamp having been forgotten, he busied himself in the dark. Such a brave attempt deserved success; but unfortunately he only produced a *palimpsest*, the page having been written upon before. The hints, noted down wherever he could conveniently do so, he carried home, and expanded into treatises, although he might be able only to write a few lines at a time, exposed as he was to continual interruptions. Yet, though frugal of his time, he could find leisure to give and receive the graceful hospitality befitting his rank in society and the profession.

The following incident, communicated by Colonel Crawford, of the Royal Artillery, strikingly illustrates the kind promptness with which Dr. Abercrombie ever met the calls of professional duty and practical benevolence:—"Shortly after I got my commission, and while stationed at Leith Fort, a brother officer, whom I very much liked, was hopelessly ill with consumption. Whilst at mess I received a note from his wife, intimating that he was much worse, and that he could scarcely breathe, whilst the cough was very distressing. I immediately went to her house, as requested; and thence, at her instance, started for Edinburgh to try and get Dr. Thompson, then the first physician in Edinburgh, to visit my poor friend—the usual medical officer of the Artillery being temporarily absent. Not supposing I would require it, and going straight from the mess-room to the invalid's house, I omitted to take my purse with me; so, having no money to pay for a cab, I had to run almost the whole way to Dr. Thompson's. He was not able to come, and apologised on the ground of age, and a rule not to go out at night, which, without offence, he could not vary. He, however, at my request, suggested a medical gentleman, in the emergency, whom he could recommend, and named Dr. Abercrombie. Having lost considerable time by calling at Dr. Thompson's, I ran as fast as I could to Dr. Abercrombie's house. Just as I arrived at the

door I saw his carriage pull up; but my heart failed me as I saw the steaming horses, the muddy vehicle, and the tired and delicate-looking man who stepped out of it. In a hurried breathless way I entreated him to come and see the poor sufferer at the Fort. Although he had just come off a long drive to some place in East Lothian, notwithstanding his own languor, and the jaded beasts, he at once responded to my desire, and, having given a few directions to an assistant, we were speedily on our way to Leith. As we approached a turnpike I felt embarrassed for want of money, and in vain searched my pockets for any. Observing my movement, with a gentle smile he placed his hand on my shoulder, stating the carriage was his, and that he must pay for it.

"During our short drive, he made many inquiries as to the state of the invalid's health, adding a few observations of a very solemn and suggestive character. There was something in his tone and manner calculated to impress the mind, disarm prejudice, and at least command respect for those lofty principles which he so amiably illustrated.

"He remained with the sick officer a considerable time, and until an alleviation of the more alarming symptoms took place. Whilst in attendance, I was struck with the gentleness, sympathy, and that indescribable *je ne sais quoi*, which soothed and calmed, yet solemnized all present; the presence of some sustaining influential principle made itself felt as a reality, with, at the same time, a gentle knocking at the door of the heart!

"On leaving, Dr. Abercrombie refused a £5 fee which was tendered him by the lady: stating that her husband was not his patient, but that of the regular medical officer of the Artillery; that he had only come in the hope of being useful under the circumstance of the other's temporary absence; and that if he had at all been enabled to mitigate suffering, it was ample compensation, together with the pleasure of assisting a professional brother.

"I would merely add, that however simple and commonplace the foregoing may appear, the winter's night, the dying officer, the pallid trembling wife, the hasty message, the spattered horses, the wearied looking man, the ready response, the kindness, gentleness, and liberality of his conduct—the striking intellectuality of his eye and brow—all left a lasting impression, with a sense of gratitude and admiration, as freshly felt at this moment as when, but a very young officer, I grasped his hand and tried to tell him how warm and grateful my feelings were."

In 1835, Dr. Abercrombie was chosen by the students Lord Rector of Marischal College, Aberdeen; and on the 5th of November he delivered to the assembled youth of that college the most judicious advice as to the conduct to be followed in the cultivation of their intellectual and moral powers. Speaking of that ancient and venerated seat of learning, he says, "My earliest and most tender recollections are closely associated with it; and the hall in which we are now assembled, recalls, with that kind of feeling which is pleasing, yet mournful, the memory of years which are long gone by; of fellow students who have been cut off in the midst of their days; and of eminent and revered preceptors who have finished a course distinguished alike by their talents and their virtues." After discussing the Academic appliances for "the culture and discipline of the mind,"* he earnestly commended to his youthful audience the study of the revealed Word of God. "We find there the wondrous provision which has been made by Infinite Wisdom and Infinite Mercy for the restora-

tion of man from his state of moral ruin—and a power adapted to his moral weakness—and a light to shine on his moral darkness—and a code of ethics more high, more pure, and more extensive far, than ever was contemplated by the wisest of men. The whole is supported by a weight of evidence which fixes itself upon the mind with irresistible power—and with a tone of authority, it calls our attention to all the responsibilities of life, and all the realities of a life which is to come."

In the same year, 1835, he was elected one of the vice-presidents of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

In the title of this article, we have styled Dr. Abercrombie M.D. of Edin. and Oxon. This last degree must not be lightly passed over. It was conferred upon him in 1835, by diploma from the University of Oxford, in company with Dr. Pritchard, a learned and eminent physician of Bristol. This honour had not been bestowed upon any one, with the single exception of Dr. Jenner, for nearly fifty years previously. It was not a mere honorary degree, conferring only the privilege of appending M.D. Oxon. to his name; but being a degree by diploma, it gave him "the immediate right to a vote in the University, with all the other rights which the fullest performance of academic exercises and residence could bestow."

His health and vigour continued for a long time, only interrupted by an illness in 1841, which he considered as threatening paralysis, but from which he completely recovered, and was enabled to resume his usual labours for a few years more. At length, in the midst of all his usefulness, and in nearly his accustomed health both of body and mind, it pleased the Sovereign Disposer of all to summon him unexpectedly to his heavenly rest. On the morning of the 14th of November, 1844, his carriage was waiting for him as usual, at his own door. Being unusually long in coming out of his private room, it was entered, and he was found extended on the floor, all but lifeless. His death was caused by the laceration of some fibres of the surface of the heart, involving the rupture of one of the coronary veins—those veins which are part of the circulating system necessary to supply the vital fluid to the substance of the heart itself. This caused bleeding into the pericardium, and speedy death.

There is something, in the event of sudden death, at which humanity shudders. The English Litany prays against it; and when it does occur, survivors stand mournful and astonished. Yet, for those who live by the faith of things unseen, sudden death is by no means undesirable. It saves them from days and nights of pain and suffering; it spares themselves, and those who love them, the melancholy process of decaying strength and mental imbecility, and gives them almost something of the triumph of a translation. Such was the death of Abercrombie; and such, in less than three years, was the death of an especial friend of his, the great and the good Thomas Chalmers.

OUR SISTERS IN CHINA.

VII.

A VISIT TO A CHINESE LADY.

In closing this series of papers, perhaps the best way of setting some domestic matters fairly before our readers will be to narrate a visit we paid to a Chinese lady, the incidents of which we noted down at the time. She first sent her calling card, which was made of beautiful rose pink paper, and folded as a child's toy-book, so that, when shaken out, it measured nearly two yards. Her name was written in black letters, sprinkled over with

* The Address was afterwards published under this title.

gold dust, and was very prettily done. She then called with her only son, a fine boy, and through one of her waiting-maids invited me to return the compliment. On the day appointed, her servant came for me, and we set out in sedan chairs. When we reached the hall gate we were regularly announced. A servant who stood at the gate cried, "The foreign lady has come," and this was echoed from one to another, till it reached the *penetralia*. Our entrance mightily discomposed the gentlemen of the establishment, who rushed to their apartments like rats in a granary to their holes. Our gravity was sorely taxed, indeed almost uncontrollably upset, by observing the tail of one of the lordly owners, a yard long, hanging outside the door. The poor fellow had in his haste forgotten to gather up his long *queue*, and had shut the door on it, and there he was still, in a perfect fix. Etiquette compelled them to withdraw their persons; but as we passed through, every chink in every door and window was filled with mouths wide open, and human eyes all anxious to get a peep at the English lady. At last we mounted the staircase which led to the ladies' apartments, and emerged through a trap door which secured them against unseemly intrusion. The hostess advanced to meet me. She cordially welcomed me, and led me to a seat. Immediately a cup of delicate porcelain, covered with a lid, and on a silver saucer, was set before me; another servant lifted the lid and poured boiling water on tea leaves which were inside; and a third brought a great variety of sweetmeats on a tray, and invited me to partake. The tea was intensely refreshing, and its fragrance filled the room. An elegant silver pipe, about three feet long, with a place for water at the end, through which the fumes were purified as they passed, was next presented to me, for the ladies smoke a delicate tobacco. On my declining this luxury, there was a general expression of astonishment, and they held a small committee to find out why I did not smoke; and the conclusion arrived at was, that "our poor outside country did not produce tobacco."

I next underwent a thorough examination, but in such a lady-like way that I could not feel annoyed. My bonnet being off, they turned it over and over with a puzzled look. "What can it be?" said one. "Ah! it is part of their religious costume," one replied. Another seizing hold of it, tying the strings together, and placing it on her arm, cried triumphantly, "It is a basket." She carried it round the room in great glee, and when she came to me I took it and placed it quietly on my head. This was too much for them; they rushed pell-mell over to where I sat—those behind pushing those before, to the great danger of the tea-poy table and cup, etc.—and what a laughing and chattering there was. At last a Pekin terrier thought fit to chime in with a strong chorus of barking; and for a few minutes there was confusion worse confounded.

By and by dinner was set in full China style. First course, tea and melon seeds; next, confections and preserved fruits; then soup of all sorts, bird-nest soup among the rest. Afterwards bacon cut in fine slices, chicken in small pieces, ducks also cut in parts, small basins of rice, etc. etc. An attendant stood at the back of each person, and helped us to everything. They also supplied the guests with dinner napkins wrung out of warm water. There were no knives or forks, only chop-sticks; and when they had a nice tit-bit, they, as a mark of respect, put it in my mouth, which was anything but agreeable at first; but I followed the proverb, "When at Rome, do as Rome does."

Dinner over, talking commenced afresh, and when

intent on it, we were suddenly interrupted by a shout, "O! what feet, what feet!" One playfully said, "Well, if I had seen them before dinner, I could not have taken it." They asked me why I came to China? Were my country-people ill to me? Here I told them of Jesus and the Gospel. I spoke of the need for a new heart and a right spirit; and when talking about this, a sprightly young married woman of nineteen (for they tell their ages there so freely, that it is the first thing they ask and tell) broke out, exclaiming, "O! if you give me that medicine, I will take it every day till my heart is quite clean;" and "Was it very bitter?" They had never seen a foreign lady; they knew there were such beings, but said that "they always thought they were so coarse"—"had enormous feet"—"were most vulgar"—"they walked with their husbands!" But the thing which most saddened me was, that though many missionaries had been for nearly fourteen years every day preaching in their city, and distributing tracts and books, they had never heard of our religion, never so much as thought that we had any philanthropic views at all. This confirmed all my fears, and convinced me of the absolute necessity of ladies devoting themselves to this special work. I left the New Testament, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and other books. At a subsequent visit I found they had read them with great interest, and they asked questions about them; and on these occasions there were always others invited to meet me.

Such are our sisters in China, and such their condition. While some pass over the bridge of time, and hardly touch the ground, wafted amid luxury and delights, the masses are crushed to the earth under heavy burdens, and all are destitute of any comfort in relation to a future life. They are truly as ignorant of God as the cattle upon the hills, and they die as the sheep die; they sink and pass away without fear, and often without a struggle. They are beyond the reach of the missionary's voice; no female countenance relieves the crowd which gathers to hear him, except it be of the poorest, who are found in the streets. Shall they be neglected? They have been hitherto. Some ladies have gone out; but they have devoted themselves to the education of girls; hardly any have systematically attempted to gain access to their homes and teach them there. That they can be reached, the foregoing facts place beyond a doubt, and we found that they rather courted our friendship; and we believe that in this way divine truth not only was thrown into a channel it otherwise would never have reached, but proved a most powerful means of evangelization. A quaint writer has said "that if the boy be the father of the man, the mother is the father of the boy," and this is true. Shall we then seek to influence the man, and neglect them? They mould the character; shall we not instruct them? Shall we seek to bend the full-grown stem, and not try to gain the ear of those who have charge of the twig? The women are far less proud, and more affable and open to impression than the men. Shall we then seek to reach the cold and the haughty and utterly indifferent, and neglect the susceptible and seeking? Shall we sow seed on the rocks, and overlook the open soil? Ladies of Britain, will you neglect your sisters in China and India, and allow them to perish in utter ignorance of that gospel which has been committed to your charge? *You alone can reach them.* The efforts of ordinary missionaries are utterly useless here. Only through their wives or sisters, or friends, who come out under their care, can they reach them. Where, or in what other sphere, could a lady serve her generation better? Is not this a field worth being cultivated by some of our Missionary Societies?